

P I L L

F O R

Pork-Eaters :

O R, A

SCOTS LANCET

F O R A N

English Swelling.

*Curs'd be the Man (what do I wish ? as tho'
The Wretch already were not so ;
But curs'd on let him be) who thinks it brave
And great, his Country to enslave. Cowley.*

*Tolluntur in altum
Ut lapsu graviore ruant. Claudian.
Cuncta prius tentanda, sed Immedicabile Vulus
Ense recidendum. Ovid.*



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Advertisement.

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Gift of
J. L. Gay*

BE it known to all true honest hearted Scotsmen, That England is now turn'd Bully; and Commands you in the Name of Dependency, to beware how you stand any more upon your Privileges, as a free State: Since there's a considerable Book of five hundred Pages, with a swinging long Chain of Musty Spurious Records, as true as the History of Don Quixot and Rosenante; all strongly hammer'd out by Mr. Justice Logwood (alias Atwood) the Mungrel, Harkney State-scribler in Ordinary to Old England; which is sufficient to hang up all your Privileges out of hand, as you have lately done Green, &c.

Moreover, Old England gives you to know, That you're mightily mistaken to think, that this present, or any other Period or Juncture whatsoever, can afford you any hopes of a Manumission from the Slavery you've now so patiently bore for these hundred Years past, since the Union of the Crowns, your Liberties being now forfeited by Prescription.

This being granted, England boldly tells you, and will endeavour to make it good, if she can, That you've no Right to choose a Successor to Her present Majesty; Nor the Liberty to make Good Laws for the Security of your most valuable Interests; Nor to make Reprisals; Or Judge of the Demerits of English-mens Crimes; Or to hang up their Pirates.

I think him indeed a very ill Scotsman, who from any private End or Interest, wou'd endeavour to augment the present Differences between the two Nations; yet if this be (as I take it) our Case with England, I think we've but a very scurvy time on't. How far the Project of an Intire Union, now so much talkt of, may mend the Matter, I shall not presume to determine: A true Union consists, and is founded chiefly, on the Oneness and Sympathy of Tempers, both of Nations and Persons. From what Ground then, we are to hope for such an Union with a Nation, who at once Despise, Hate, and still Fear us, to a great degree, let considering Men judge: And it were easie to make appear (considering the present Posture of Affairs) that such an Union is morally impossible.

The Duke of Roan, in his Interest of Princes, Compliments England with this Character, That it is like a mighty Animal, which cannot be destroy'd, but by it self. If we can but apply this to our selves, in relation to Our present Circumstances with England, I'll engage they shall alter their Measures in a short time: For did they not know our Weak-side but too well, they would never suffer such Billingsgate Rogues, as the Authors of the Ointment for a Scotch Mange, and of Green's Elegy (and their Newgate News-monger Dyer too) to vent such Scandalous Libels, and to brand our Country with the basest Villanies, in such opprobrious terms. But since they allow such things to pass publicly Unreprov'd, with the Printers and Book-sellers Names affixt, I think we may be allowed to pay 'em fairly home, tho' not in such a Rascally way yet I'm sure with a great deal more Truth.

(3)
A PIL for Pork-Eaters, &c.

H EAV'NS! Are we such a Servile Nation grown,
Beneath our Ancestors so vastly thrown,
That every *English* scribbling Tool o'late,
(Base Miscreants, and Vermin of the State,
Hir'd by the Mob, and licens'd now to prate)
Dares thus arraign our Justice and our Laws,
And make *Three Villains Lives* a Nation's Cause?
Villains! whose Crimes to such a pitch were flown,
And blackest Guilt so ripe for Vengeance grown,
That Heav'n it self no longer cou'd forbear,
Nor cou'd they shun their just Destruction here;
Where Lenity and Clemency abounds,
And rigid Laws are kept within their Mounds.

HAD we pack't Juries, such damn'd Hellish Things,
By which you *decently* have Murder'd *Kings*;
What *England* says, cou'd hardly be withstood;
Nor cou'd we clear our selves from guiltless Blood.

No, no;
Here were no Juries of old *Bradsham's* Spawn,
Who for Revenge, their Necks and Souls would pawn;
But strongest Proofs, from solid Grounds, were drawn;
A heap of Proofs; nay Providence concurr'd,
To shew the Wretches were by Heav'n abhorr'd:
A long Detail of which were needless here,
They're so well known, and buzz'd in every Ear:
So Evident they were, so Clear and Plain,
Our Judges still untainted shall remain,
And none but spiteful *English* Rogues complain.

BUT *England* Insolent, and Proud like Hell,
Whose faucie Boldness nought but Blows can quell,

Dare now our Laws and Sentences canvass,
 And Censures on our justest Pleadings pass;
 Tho' many pregnant Instances declare,
 What's scarce allow'd for bare Presumptions here,
 Wou'd serve to hang a hundred *Scots-men* there.
 But if by Providence a *Tarr* is driven
 Upon our Coasts, and here a Villain proven,
 Let him be *Englisch*, and the Devil to boot,
 He dies a white and spotless Saint no doubt:
 Our Magistrates and Church-men are abus'd,
 And we as *Thieves* and *Murderers* accus'd;
 For *Drummond* is at *Madagascar* still,
 So say your *Post-Knights*, credit them who will.
 But had we here ten thousand Pounds laid down,
 For each your Squires, who swear for half-a-Crown,
 Then *England* for its Treachery shou'd mourn,
 Be forc'd to fawn, and truckle in its turn:
Scots Pedlars you no longer durst upbraid,
 And *D A R I E N* shou'd with Int'rest be repaid.
 For 'tis not Courage, but the Cash we want,
 To make Proud *England* her base Threats recant.

MAY *England* for its Luxury be damn'd,
 Base *Epicures* with *Pork* and *Pudding* cramm'd:
 Whose undigested Stems you may explore
 Like Hogs or Goats, and wind them at twelve Score.
 Let *Surfeits* in thy Families prevail,
 Till each disgorge a Soul at ev'ry Meal;
 And Gormandizing be thy chiefest Trade,
 Till all thy Sons of Luxury be dead:
 Of thy great Chiefs how few wou'd there remain?
 To Conquer you, would be no Valour then.
 And *London*, thou curs'd *Sodom* o' the Isle,
 Who drains our Wealth, and laughs at us the while;
 Not these four guilty Cities o' the Plain,
 On which Just Heav'n did Fire and Brimstone rain,
 Cou'd

Cou'd match thy nameless Crimes, who now art grown
Hell's great Original, thy self alone.

AND thou curs'd Villain, who dar'st thus reproach
Our State, and such base Lying Scandals broach :
Scandals for which thy *Blood* must be the Price,
Tho' far too mean and base a Sacrifice :
May'st thou in Monumental Chains be hung,
And Carbonado'd be thy stand'ring Tongue ;
And when thy silent Ghost shall wandring go,
Abandon'd to the gloomie Shades below ;
May it return, and these Credentials bring,
That Green and Madder did most justly swing.

DAMN'D be that Hackney-pen that durst traduce
Great *H-----n*, our Noblest Patriot, thus :
'Gainst this Brave Patriot thou'st belch'd thy worst,
Ev'n what thy boldest Heroes never durst.
Thy Country such a Patriot, ne'er cou'd match,
Whom no Preferments, nor no Baits can catch :
Whate'er the Court cou'd bid, this Prince withstood,
He sweats and toils to do his Country good :
For what are these to such a Mind as His,
Whom Heav'n hath taught what truest Honour is ?
Whose Country's Int'rest, now almost undone,
He still pursues, regardless of His own.
May Heav'n with Success Crown His brave Design,
And may no *English* Plots His Counsels undermine ;
May they when hatch'd, abortive still remain,
That we may yet be Happy once again.

CURS'D be the day (for then we were betray'd)
When first our King the *English* Scepter sway'd ;
Since when such fatal Slav'ry we have bore,
As never State nor Kingdom did before :
From neighbouring States we no Assistance crav'd ;
We scorn'd by Foreign Yokes to be enslav'd ;

Had

Had Wealth at Home, Alliances Abroad;
 Yea, of our Friendship *France* it self was proud;
 Each *Scot* was brave, with Noble Courage fir'd;
 Our Court Polite, and every where admir'd.
 Thus from a Nation full of Power and Fame,
 We're dwindl'd to a thing, scarce worth a Name.
 But shall we still be so! why, sure we shan't,
 And *England* for her Mischief may repent:
 Yea my Prophetick Stats do tell me sure,
 That *Scotland* for her Wrongs shall find a Cure.

UNGEN'ROUS *England*! at this savage rate,
 Still to abuse a Free and Neighbouring State!
 Why are We thus so much despis'd and scorn'd,
 As if We were thy Tributaries turn'd?
 Or is it true, what *Mungrel Atwood* says,
 That by a Chain of long Dependencies,
 We are born Vassals to the *English* Crown;
 And that we therefore ought to be run down?
 If so, then let Us tamely bear Our Wrongs,
 With unperforming Swords, and silent Tongues:
 Yea let Us all Our Just Resentments hide,
 And calmly truckle to your Hellish Pride.
 Forbid it Heav'n! let's boldly claim Our Right;
 Let *England* Bully, but let *Scotland* Fight:
 And let another *Pannockburn* redress,
 Too long endur'd Affronts and Grievances:
 Our Country, now oppress'd, shall then produce
 Hero's, like DOUGLASS, WALLACE, and the BRUCE,
 Who *England*'s Insolencies dare chastise,
 When *Scotland*'s Liberties shall be the Prize.

BRUCE, with scarce *Twenty* thousand, durst oppose
 An *Hundred* thousand saucy *English* Foes;
 Who's daring *General* had sworn to bring
 Our Prince alive to his Proud *English* King:

He

(7)
He marches straight, with many a threatening Boast,
And meets our Prince, but found him to his Cost.
The Brave enraged B R U C E, struck such a Blow,
As almost cleft the haughty Slave in two:
Then Valiant Scots with Fury did advance,
And Death triumphing, far on every Lance;
While glittering Swords, like Lightning from the Sky,
Made all their scatter'd Troops with Horror fly.
Great was the Success of that Glorious Day,
When Twenty thousand English fell a Prey
To greedy Death, who glutted, now gave o'er,
While Scotland's Fields o'erflow'd with English Gore.

Thus did our Great Forefathers purchase Fame:
And dare not We, their Off-spring, do the same?
No, no, (says England) this you dare not do;
Ye are our Slaves, and must continue so:
But if in Peace you are inclin'd to live,
Upon such Terms as we think fit to give,
Well! what are these? ---- Here England cuts you short,
And tells you, You're but Pensioners at Court;
And if we have but Gold enough in store,
Check to your King, we bar your Successor.
Scotland remove the Check, or you in vain
Strive to be free from your Inglorious Chain,
Unless you from this cursed Gold abstain;
But Sep'rate from the Rooks, if you be wise,
And their alluring Baits, with Scorn despise.
Let us no more be bubbl'd and abus'd,
Nor with their Shamms of Union more amus'd;
'Tis nothing but a treacherous Decoy,
To bring Us to their Measures, then destroy
The Rights and Just Pretences of our Crown,
And jeer and laugh at us when they have done:
To Propheisie, tho' I have no Pretence,
Yet I'll adventure to Divine for once;

When

When Swans grow Black, and Ravens shall grow White
 Proud *England* then with *Scotland* shall unite;
 Unless we purg 'em with some Warlike Pills,
 And tame their Insolence against their Wills,
 Then to our Aid, let's call our Forces frait,
 Who gave to *England* such Renown of late;
 The *English* were the Conquerors proclaim'd,
 While injur'd *Scots* were to Oblivion damn'd:
 Yet had not *Orkney* and our Troops been there,
 Who in these Victories claim such a Share;
 Few Trophies then to *England* had been brought,
 Nor *Shelensburg* nor *Blenheim* so well fought.
 Let's then begin, dare to be Wise and Brave;
 Let us unite, and Heaven's Protection crave,
 And manage well that Little which we have:
 Less than that Little, which doth yet remain,
 May chance to bring us, what we've lost, again.

LET no brib'd fawning Parasite be here,
 Who Cheats his Country to enrich his Heir;
 Be each a S---n, full of Gen'rous Fire,
 And may his Genius ev'ry Breast inspire;
 A Genius past the reach of *English* Gold,
 Great and refin'd, cast in no common Mould.
 Were all thy Peers, O *Scotland*! such as he,
 It were impossible to Conquer Thee.
 But let our Chiefs all Faction's Broils oppose,
 And join together in our Common Cause.
 Insulting *England* to her Cost shall know,
 What brave united *Scots-men* then can do,
 When our best Troops are at thy Borders rang'd,
 Then *CALDONIA*'s wrongs shall be reveng'd:
 Our *Highlanders* thy City Walls shall greet,
 And *Gillicrankies* rattle *Lambard-street*.
 Then shall your City Cuckolds keep a Pother,
 And in such Jargon talk to one another:
 So ho Jack, Tom, Gadzooks what shall we do?
 The *Scotch* in earnest are upon us now;
 Zounds Harie there's no help, but buckle to:
 We now must Treat, and with the *Scotch* agree;
 For as they're Valiant, so they must be Free:
 We must our foolish Shamms and Plots give o'er;
 The *Scotch*, we find, will be Oppress'd no more,

F I N I S.

